

A quiet song for you

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A quiet song for you

by [sircantus](#)

Summary

There's a man singing at the end of the road, where the paths lead off into the forest.

The townspeople scream and run while covering their ears, trying to escape the way fire swallows up their homes, and the way the ground rumbles underneath their feet.

A monster sings at the end of the road.

Or

A bit of a continuation to the timeline in which Phil was killed.

[NOT CANON IN THE MAIN STORYLINE this is honestly just an AU of an AU at this point]

Notes

[THIS IS NOT CANON TO THE MAINSTORY LINE OF CHANGE FATE]

this is like an AU of an AU, im just sorta making a bit of a continuation to a timeline I made where Phil was killed. I REALLY recommend reading 'A letter from the son of a kind soul' first, and if you don't even know what Change Fate is then pls do read the main CANON story first lol

with that being said, do enjoy.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's a gentle singing that keeps echoing throughout the land.

It's a bit reminiscent of a warning siren, in the way that once you hear it, you know destruction is only going to follow. It's a sweet, kind voice, a quiet song, and yet it strikes pure terror to anyone who hears it, and sends them running the opposite way.

Rumors have gone around that no one has ever lived long enough to hear the song actually end. Rumors say that if you survive to the end of the song, the monsters might just let you go free, unharmed.

The rumors are shit.

Wilbur wouldn't spare a single soul. Not at this point. Not when he's filled with pure, burning anger. He's killed so many at this point, charmed so many people to die, to kill, and he feels nothing for it. There's so much blood on his hands and he barely thinks about washing it off. He just keeps walking and keeps singing. He doesn't stop singing until everyone around him, save for his brothers, are dead and gone.

His throat burns a bit, feels sore with its overuse. He's been singing for *hours*. He's been doing it for days on end, on and off. The only times he does take a break is when their targeted town has gone silent, no more people to snuff out. Only then, does Wilbur sit somewhere high where he can see the flames die out, and only then does he rest his voice.

He feels like sobbing each time he stops.

He feels like he's falling apart at the seams, nothing keeping him together. A constant mantra of *he's gone, he's gone, and it's **everyone's** fucking fault.*

Technoblade stays busy while Wilbur sings. Tommy stays trailing behind, but stays just as busy. He picks off any stray survivors who escape from Techno's wrath, and then reduces the

town to nothing more than a pile of rubble.

They haven't spoken a word to each other in about two weeks, by now. They only stay busy, keep moving, keep tearing down whatever towns or cities are in their path. Technoblade and Tommy listen to Wilbur's song and create a bit of destruction to go along with it.

The three of them are regarded as a slow moving threat. They move slowly, but there's nothing that can stop them. Once they pick a town, that town has no hope. Gods help you if you're even near that town when they arrive.

People around the lands have tried sending troops, tried firing arrows, tried using their best and most powerful magic. Wilbur will sing and sing for hours on end and will make entire armies go perfectly still. Sometimes he commands them all to murder each other. Sometimes he commands them to stay still and lets Technoblade have a go. Sometimes, he just tells them all to sleep forevermore, and lets Tommy bury them all underneath the dirt, never to be woken up.

Wilbur's throat continues to ache, but it's so pathetic compared to the absolute terrible ache in his heart. He feels like if he stays still for too long, his grief will crush him whole, and Techno and Tommy will need to drag his body along and eventually leave it in the rubble they've been making.

Wilbur continues to sing, and keeps his voice at a constant, soothing tone. Almost like a lullaby. Almost like a sweet goodbye. He tells himself that every single minute of it is for Phil.

And every single minute, as well, is also for the bastards who *took him away*.

There's a man singing at the end of the road, where the paths lead off into the forest.

The townspeople scream and run while covering their ears, trying to escape the way fire swallows up their homes, and the way the ground rumbles underneath their feet.

A monster sings at the end of the road.

Technoblade runs ahead, brings a sword down and cuts someone's head clean off their shoulders. At this point, the sword is pure red, stained with blood. The red creeps up Techno's arm, onto his shirt, his boots, his hands. He doesn't bother to wipe it off.

Tommy stays behind, as he always does. He sits quietly and closes his eyes, listening to Wilbur sing and sing and never stop. The ground shakes and cracks open, bringing houses crumbling to the dirt.

Wilbur sings his song and watches as the people become trapped in his voice. He watches and watches and almost smiles with the way they all go still, go quiet, and fall at Techno's sword. Wilbur sings and ignores the fact there are tears streaming down his face. Tommy listens quietly and sobs into his hands, not even needing to try with his own powers, his sharp grief being enough to bring everything around him to rubble. Technoblade continues to pick off the townspeople, over and over again, and he pretends that his hands aren't trembling with each swing.

Smoke is such a common smell in the air these days, with how many buildings they've been burning. The sky turns a different shade than its usual blue, with all the smoke that rises into the sky, blocking out the sun.

After many hours of screaming and singing and unimaginable bloodshed, the town is gone, and Technoblade is wiping off his hands, eyes staring off into the distance. It's become night, now the stars bright over their heads. Tommy leans into Wilbur's side, quiet, his eyes closed. Wilbur hums, still not stopping with his song, still trying to add just a few minutes more.

"Do you think this is what he would've wanted?" Tommy whispers carefully, the first words he's said in a while. His voice sounds raspy.

Technoblade goes still in the way he's been wiping at his hands for the past ten minutes. He blinks, then raises his head towards Tommy and Wil.

"Do you think he-?" Tommy tries to ask, and he cuts himself off, face scrunching up in despair. Wilbur rests a hand at the back of Tommy's head.

Wilbur stops humming.

"What do you think Phil would've done if we died, instead?" He asks, his throat burning. "I feel like this would be similar to his reaction."

Techno snorts. "Yeah, he would've been furious." He looks at his sword, tries to wipe some of the dried blood off. "Would've been a lot slower than us, but still just as effective."

Tommy doesn't answer for a moment. "...I miss him."

Wilbur wraps an arm around Tommy's shoulders, tries to hug him close. It does nothing for the way it still hurts. It does nothing for the constant feeling of feeling like he's dying slowly on the inside.

"Let's get moving." Technoblade says, walking with a small stomp in his steps. His eyes burn red, and he holds his sword tightly in the way that tells he's itching to cut someone down with it. "The next town is a few days travel away."

Wilbur walks after him, Tommy staying behind him.

Wilbur feels like screaming at Technoblade, at Tommy, at the skies and at the rubble they've made. He feels like screaming until his throat is raw, until he can't even speak anymore, he wants to cry and wail and stomp his feet against the ground and demand why, *why*, **why**.

He wants to demand why they ever dared to take Phil away. Why did they dare to break this perfect life they had. Why did they *dare* to affect him this way, affect his family this way.

Wilbur hums softly, instead, and they travel on through the night, target set on the next town.

Somewhere, Phil digs his way through a pile of dirt, a pile of dead flowers, and *breathes*.

The three monsters of the apocalypse all come to a very sudden halt.

End Notes

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